My friend was not in his hut; it was not Ms day for work. The first living thing to greet me was one of the pigs drinking at the last crossing' below his place, and the others of his herd were the last, if you except the fish and the flies. No, I forget : he also keeps fowls. I sat for awhile in his rough shack to enjoy their companionship, and then 1 plunged into the unknown.

1 struggled on for three hours. The river wound in and out, under rocky precipices up which one stared at perhaps one ragged coconut outlined against the sky at the top and through gullies where one had to choose the side one should take with care and sometimes had practically to swim. At times it flowed by level banks so matted with jungle as scarce to afford a landing-place. The water was clear as the air, cool, delicious. In places it foamed and roared down a rapid or water-

fall into a deep pool whose bottom I could not make
with a dive. Everywhere there were fish, multi-,
coloured as those of the reef and sea. Green and
blue and orange, they slipped away to join the
bigger grey brethren when 1 approached. Shrimps.
lurked under the stones* In one place of horror.